

Bucks County

February 1974 50¢

PANORAMA

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Bucks County **PANORAMA**

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ON THE COVER: Many residents of Bucks County, some new, others, not so new, have been heard to ask "Where's Carversville?". Panorama answers the question with a special pull-out section on the town of Carversville, Pennsylvania starting on page 13.

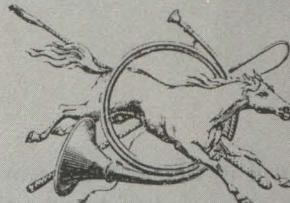
The photomontage on this month's cover depicts the Inn, at the center of Carversville and a street sign at the intersection of Carversville and Durham Roads. Both photographs are by Al Sinks of Buckingham, Pa.

CALENDAR of events

Courtesy of the Bucks County Historical-Tourist Commission

FEBRUARY, 1974

1-14	NEW HOPE — Golden Door Gallery, Parry Barn presents "BUCKS COUNTY ARTISTS" in a special art show. Hours: Tuesday thru Sunday 1 to 5 p.m. or by appointment — call 215-862-5529.
2	PLEASANT VALLEY — Winter Gymkhana and Fun Show to be held at the Pleasant Hollow Farms, Route 212 and Slifer Valley Road. Begins 10 a.m. — rain or shine in the indoor arena. For information call John Cory, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036, or call 346-7294. (Cancelled if driving is dangerous.)
2	NEWTOWN — Bucks County Community College will present a Film Series "Gold Diggers of 1935," 8 p.m. in the Library Auditorium. Free.
3	WRIGHTSTOWN — Bucks County Folksong Society presents an evening of Folk Music at the Wrightstown Friends Meeting House Recreation Room, Route 413, 7 p.m. Free. (If you play an instrument, bring it along.)



9	PLEASANT VALLEY — Hunter and Pony Hunter Schooling Show to be held at Pleasant Hollow Farms, Route 212 and Slifer Valley Road. Begins at 9:30 a.m. rain or shine in the indoor arena. (Cancelled if driving is dangerous.) For information call John Cory, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036, 346-7294.
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9	WASHINGTON CROSSING — Boy and Girl Scout Nature and Conservation instructions. Wildflower Preserve Building, Bowman's Hill. All day.
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9	HOLICONG — Bucks County Symphony will present their Winter Concert, in the Auditorium of the Central Bucks East High School. Tickets available at the door. 8:30 p.m.
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continued on page 26

Bucks County and the Bobcats

by Mildred Johnson



Sammy turned around in his seat and saw his father's big frame blocking the entrance to the schoolhouse. There he stood holding his rifle in one hand and a tin lunch pail in the other.

Miss Prim, the teacher, looked up. She was a timid woman, never having traveled more than a few miles from her birthplace, Philadelphia, before coming to this isolated, one-room school between Shelly and Passer in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. This was her first teaching assignment and everything about it terrified her. She hated the deep woods she had to traverse between the schoolhouse and her boarding place. She was disturbed by the difference in the ages of the pupils (from 5 to 18), and especially subdued by the big boy's smirks. She resented having to feed the hungry wood stove all winter. Now that spring was easing into summer, she was waiting patiently until Elder Griggs of the School Board should pronounce the term at an end.

Miss Prim stopped writing a sum on the blackboard for the class and spoke quietly, "Yes? Do come in, Mr. Scruggs."

"I brung Sammy's lunch pail. He fergot it this mornin' ", replied the man pounding up the aisle in his muddy boots.

All the kids tittered. Sammy squirmed unhappily in his seat as Benny, his seatmate, laughed out loud. Across the room, Bessie, his sister, stuck out her tongue and giggled. He would rather have gone hungry at noon, or even begged an apple from Benny, than have had paw come bustin' in like this. Somehow the man looked out of place, all red and awkward, as he turned and high-tailed it out the door.

The boy hastily stashed his lunch away on the little shelf under his double desk. Outside he could hear a dog begin to bark and knew it was old Trotter. So even Trotter had to come to school! The barking went on, and the children in spite of the teacher's weak admonition to remain in their places, rushed to the door to see what the

commotion was all about. Sammy was sure his dog must be at the bottom of all this, and sure enough there met his eyes a scene he was never to forget.

Hanging onto a branch of the oak tree nearest to the school building and glaring down with blazing eyes was a young bobcat. Treeing him, paws slanted, mouth open, forgetting his age and wildly barking was Trotter. For what seemed like ages (but was really only seconds), the two animals remained in a state of suspended animation. As the cat tensed his muscles readying for a jump, Sammy's father slowly raised his gun to his shoulder and fired. The bobcat thudded downward. When the air cleared there lay the dead animal sprawled across the schoolhouse steps!

Miss Prim, in the doorway (pushed forward by the children and not propelled by her own volition), had turned a pale shade of green. The others eased outside, standing in groups gazing in awe at the bobcat. Sammy began to puff up with pride, patting Trotter on the head and grinning at his father in admiration. Mr. Scruggs shifted his weight back and forth saying, "I'll jest drag this here critter under the tree and leave it fer Sammy, Bessie and Benny to carry home. It don't appear to be too heavy, since he's a young un. The Missus is alwus hankering fer skins and such. I got to mosey back to my fencing." Off he went with the dog at his heels.

Finally the teacher had recovered enough to shoo the pupils back into the room, and after the whispering and excitement died down, the spelling lesson began. Just as Bessie was stammering over the word 'fearful', from outside came roaring, snarling sounds. Poor Bessie's mouth flew open and stayed that way, while once more all the others dashed out of their seats to the open door. There, a few feet away, teeth bared, hair on end, a large ferocious female bobcat stood over her young. Benny slammed shut the door, while Sammy locked it. Some of the other boys pulled a heavy bench over against the entrance. It was done just in time, for the bobcat made a sudden mighty lunge against the timbers. Miss Prim crept back to her seat on the platform, and sat trembling and shaking. Bessie, who had managed to close her mouth, opened it to cry, "Quick. Close the windows."

The children huddled in the airless place, whimpering and sobbing. Outside the frantic, enraged animal continued to hurl herself against the wooden door, screeching to high heaven, her howls echoing through the forest. Some of the bolder kids, peeping out of the wavy glass windows, saw her begin to circle round and round the building. All at once, she gave an enormous leap straight up into the air, landing with heavy feet onto the roof! They could hear her tearing around up above, the flimsy timbers trembling beneath her pounding weight. Suddenly a new menace moved into the picture as the female bobcat's huge mate tore out of the woods. She leaped down to greet him.

Together they circled the body of their offspring. They both began round and round, up, down, round, up, down. Inside the children squeezed into a tight terrified circle. Time stood still, although slowly the sun's rays slanted toward the horizon and evening shadows gathered. The scratching and snarling continued.

"Oh, Lord," prayed Miss Prim, "let the roof hold. If only you deliver me, I mean us, I'll never set foot in this wilderness again."

Sammy prayed, "Paw, come back. I'll never forget my lunch again."

At this very moment in spite of the prayers, two of the boards on the roof gave way under pressure and daylight showed through. Looking up, Miss Prim's gaze encountered four blazing eyes. She slumped over her desk sliding onto the floor, bringing with her a heavy German Bible.

Suddenly shots rang out. Dogs barked. Men's voices shouted. More shots. There was the sound of two heavy bodies thudding to the ground. Sammy heard his father's deep voice yelling, "Open up. They's daid. Safe ter come out."

The big boys moved back the bench and threw open the door. Outside the men were milling around examining the dead animals, Trotter and the other dogs barking furiously. Inside, a few of the girls had revived Miss Prim by unceremoniously pouring the entire bucket of water over her. Somehow she managed to stagger down the aisle, weakly thank the men, her eyes cast away from the sight of the dead animals. Some of the bigger pupils escorted her back to her boarding place. It was rumored she was on the next coach heading for Philadelphia.

The hunters fastened long poles and carted the bobcats away. Sammy and his father refused even the smallest one, for they both knew it had been wrong to shoot the young one and leave it around for its parents to find. Mr. Scruggs figured it would be a long time before he lived it down, at least in this part of Bucks County.

As Sammy and his sister followed their father through the dark woods, suddenly he felt hungry. He remembered the thick meat sandwiches his mother usually put in his lunch box, which still sat on the school shelf. Tonight, somehow, he didn't feel like meat. He figured he'd just be satisfied to sit safe and snug around the rough pine table and spoon up mush and milk. He knew that Bessie, even if she couldn't spell 'fearful' would never forget the meaning of the word. He knew that even if he should live to be an old man, he would never forget it, either! ■

On the eve of the 251st anniversary of the formation of Northampton Township, Dec. 14, 1722, the Northampton Township Historical Society announced that 130 persons were already paid-up members of the newly-founded organization, and more applications for membership were arriving almost daily.

Robert D. Crompton who was elected the first president of the society at the founding meeting on Nov. 29 at Addisville Reformed Church chapel, Richboro, said that the first check for membership was from three direct descendants of Henry Wynkoop living in the Boston area. Wynkoop (1737-1816) was a distinguished Revolutionary patriot and jurist from Northampton Township who served in the First and Second Continental Congresses and was the first member of the U. S. Congress from Bucks County in 1789.

Mrs. Clayton H. Ernst sent a check for individual memberships for herself and her two daughters and noted that "Northampton Township has such a wonderful historic past that it should certainly be preserved and appreciated."

Other officers and directors elected unanimously at the formative meeting, in addition to Crompton, were: Mrs. John M. Fletcher, Holland, vice president; Mrs. Lawrence Smith, Jr., Holland, recording secretary; Mrs. Donald B. Kravitz, Richboro, corresponding secretary, and Walter W. Henkel, Richboro, Treasurer. Named directors were Mrs. Raymond P. Gallagher, Richboro, Mrs. Howard B. France, Holland, Harold V. Craven, Richboro, and Adolph Herzog, Churchville.

Henkel, the new treasurer, said that membership blanks outlining six classes of memberships ranging from student and over 65 at \$1 each to individual and family memberships at \$3 and \$5 each, respectively, and patron at \$25 or more each were available by writing him at the historical society care of Box 722, Richboro, Pa., 18954.

"These memberships make wonderful presents, although it will be some weeks before we have membership cards printed for any members," Henkel said. The first meeting of the newly organized board of directors was held Dec. 6 at Crompton's home, "Hampton Hill," a National Historic Place on 2nd St. Pike, north of Richboro, built around 1744.

"We were delighted with the enthusiastic response and reception at the founding meeting, and hope to continue momentum at a higher level in the future, with the help of an able board and all of these new charter members," Crompton said.

* * *



Panorama congratulates Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wright of Doylestown who recently celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary.

* * *

Remember when there was nothing but cigarette jingles on the radio? And when TV screens were filled with young lovers romping through the great outdoors in a cloud of cigarette smoke?

Remember when people thought nonsmokers were squares and goody-goodies?

Remember when almost everyone on TV and in the movies smoked?

Remember when a pack of cigarettes cost a quarter?

Remember the free cigarettes the airlines used to pass out to please their passengers?

Remember when there were more adult Americans who smoked than didn't?

Remember when a doctor might offer patients a cigarette to help calm nerves?

Remember when everyone suffered in silence if someone lit up in a no-smoking area?

Remember when people bought cigarettes for their rich, strong flavor instead of for low tar and nicotine levels?

Remember when kids were not upset because parents smoked?

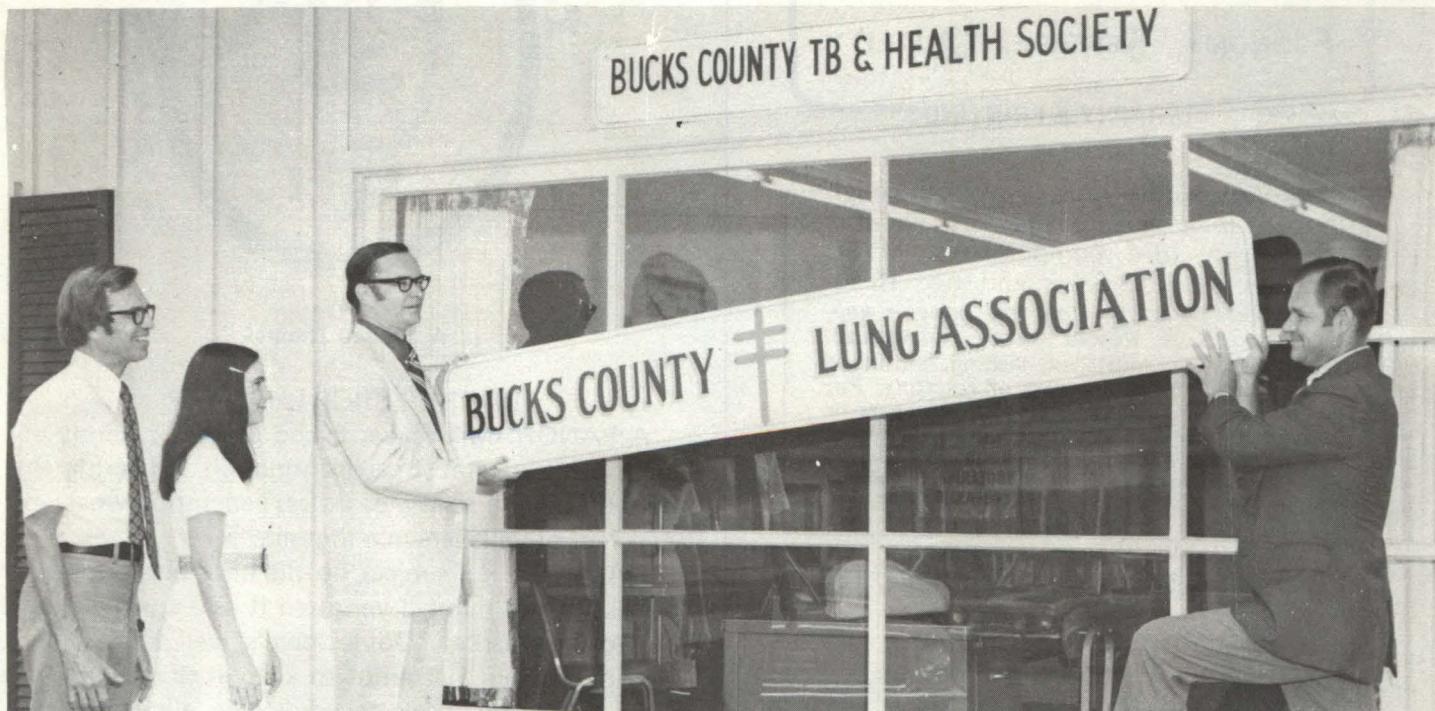
Remember when an ad was headed "Which Cigarette Do You Smoke, Doctor?"

Remember when people usually said, "No" if anyone asked, "Do you mind if I smoke?"

Remember cigarette packs — and cigarette ads — without these required lines, "Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking is Hazardous To Your Health"?

The Bucks County Lung Association remembers. As you live and breathe, remember to give more to Christmas Seals to help in the fight against emphysema, air pollution and . . . cigarette smoking.

For information about lung diseases, contact the Bucks County Lung Association, 110-C Chapman Lane, Doylestown, formerly the Bucks County Tuberculosis and Health Society, phone 348-4275.



Bucks County Lung Association — is the new name of the Bucks County Tuberculosis and Health Society. Erecting the new sign at the Association's headquarters in Doylestown are Howard T. Gathright

(left), past president of the Association and Joseph H. Pistorius, (right), the Association's executive director. Looking on are Mrs. Barbara McClintock, a board member and William E. Lukens, program director



Mrs. W. Buzby Taylor (left), Chairman of the Special Gifts Division of the Doylestown Hospital Relocation Fund receives a giant check for \$2,000. from Mrs. William F. Bindrim, Jr., President of the Kensington Hospital Auxiliary.

Kensington Hospital once planned a replacement facility in Warminster that has since been dropped. The auxiliary serving the phantom hospital decided to donate money raised to hospitals serving the Warminster area.

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by
A. Russell Thomas

BARBER SHOP CHATTER

A PANORAMA reader-friend of mine recently dug up a piece of statistical information indicating that we who belong to the beardless generation whack off 27½ feet of whiskers in a lifetime.

HAVING THE subject on the back burner of what passes for my mind, I ventured it as a conversational bit to my barber, Doylestown's well known Nick DeVinci, whom I attempt to keep in touch with on a ten-day to two week schedule. He allowed that it would be a difficult figure to establish but from the quantity of hair he had brushed from the floor of his East State Street tonsorial parlor over the past thirty-five years, he considered it a modest estimate. He remarked though, that there was a good deal less hair to be cleaned up nowadays than there was when he started in business and this Rambler first saw the light of day, and that the customs of the times were very hard on barbers and hatters. As he said this, it occurred to me that the young would probably not even know what a hatter was.

* * *

SOME PEOPLE complain about barbers talking too much, but I never do, for I have heard more good stories in barber shops, as a reporter for many years, than anywhere else. If I have any complaints about conversationalists it would have to begin with dentists. Not satisfied with telling you stories, they expect you to answer questions with your mouth full of the various items of portable hardware that are a staple of their trade, plus a sump pump, a couple of wads of cotton and two large fingers.

* * *

WHEN I ASKED the barber if he had noticed the lessening of enthusiasm among the young for the shaggy dog style, he replied that he had but that he

doubted that I would live long enough to witness much change. When I asked why, he answered that it was the next generation that was changing, the ten to fourteen year olds, and they were doing so because to them, the twenty to thirty year group were the old people, out of touch with the times. The youngsters did not go for the Ivy League cut but complained that long hair, in addition to being old-fashioned, was a bother, particularly in sports where one wore a hat. About the only time they ever wore one.

* * *

I ASKED my friend if anyone ever came in just for a shave and he surprised me by replying that they did. Not many, not even enough to allow him to really keep his hand in, but there were still a few. He said that when he started barbering, there were many more shaves than hair cuts and that you could tell the day of the week by the customers that showed up. They all had their own shaving mugs, and this Rambler had his own mug at Robinson's Barber shop in Lansdale, inscribed RUSS THOMAS. Saturday was always a heavy day for shaving on account of the week-end but some made their Friday job last until Monday. They could come, for instance, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and on Friday got a neck shave, too. The standard charge for a shave was 15 and 20 cents. He allowed that you couldn't stay alive at that price today. It took 20 minutes to give a man a decent shave so the barber now has to charge at least \$1.50 for a shave. Most barber shops charge \$3.00 for a haircut today and it is not unusual to spend \$6.00 or more a visit.

* * *

THIS RAMBLER, using a twin-bladed safety razor, usually shaves in five minutes, so I asked my barber why a professional shave took four times as long and discovered it was largely due to the frills. When a barber gives a shave he spends ten minutes lathering and rubbing, applying hot towels and cold towels, massaging, and slapping one's face with some fragrant stinger and subsequently cleaning up. The actual application of the razor does not take long. The reason the shave is smoother and more lasting is because the whiskers are softened up and slice like boiled spaghetti rather than barbed wire. Try a couple of extra minutes lathering and you will be surprised when you shave tomorrow.

* * *

MOST SHAVING mugs are in collectors' hands today. One Bucks County antique dealer has two or three dozen. A recent customer at the dealer's shop bought three mugs — a woman, at that.

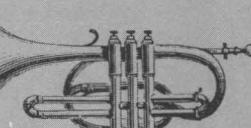
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Continued on page 12



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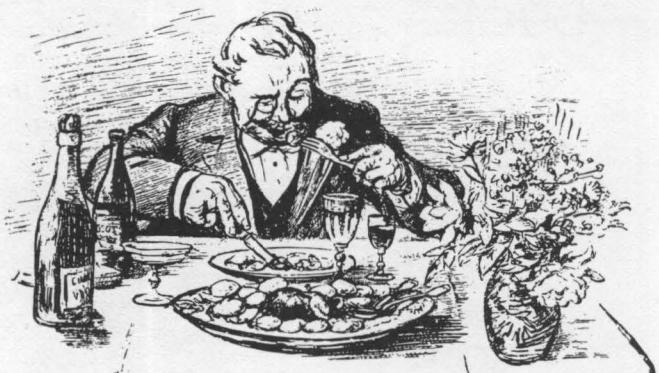
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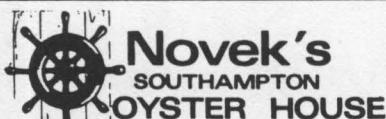
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RESTAURANT OF THE MONTH

Looking out across Society Road, now Route 202, in the summer of 1778, the landlord of this ancient inn may have caught glimpses from his windows of Washington's troops as they forged nearby Neshaminy Creek on their way from Valley Forge to Mammoth. The landlord then, a Pennsylvania dutchman named George Kungle, had a front seat on Revolutionary History; for a time during the war a unit of the widely famed Morgan's Riflemen was quartered in his hotel, whose earliest portion goes back to 1761. Daniel Boone's parents lived only three blocks from here. This massive colonial stone structure once gave its name to the entire village which was known during and after the Revolution as Kungle's Tavern. The town was later renamed and so was the tavern which for a time was known as the Eagle Inn. In 1903, it became the Chalfont Hotel and served for many years as a convenient stagecoach stop.

Under the watchful eye of John A. Moore, proprietor, and John T. Moore, general manager, who acquired the establishment early in 1972 and reopened it that summer, the patrons are assured of a wide variety of tasteful home cooked food, all prepared to order and served amid the surroundings and atmosphere of an old-time country inn. George Kungle might return today and find himself very much at home in the public rooms of the Chalfont Hotel.

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An Unusual Evening
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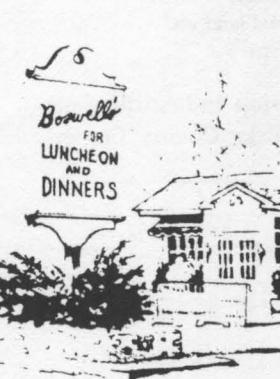
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Entertainment Wed to Sat.

Cocktails 4 PM till 7 PM Late Snack Menu 11 P.M. till Closing
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SUNDAY DINNERS

12:30 to 7:30

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Doylestown, Pa. 18901 — Tax Deductible

RUSS *continued from page 9*

SPORTS IN 1935

STEVE DINDA, a husky halfback of the 1935 Doylestown High School football team saved the day for Coach Bill Wolfe's team, as I recall, when he cracked through the fighting mad Perk-Sell line in the second period of a Bux-Mont Conference game in Sellersville and raced 54 yards for a touchdown that ended the game with a 7-7 score after Doylestown trailed 7-0 at halftime. Doylestown's Bob Raulston place-kicked for D-Town's extra point. The Sell-Perk TD was scored by Lichtfuss who also added the extra point. Doylestown High players in that memorable game were Michener and Hamilton, ends; Alecwicz and Wasser, tackles; Lewis and Axenroth, guards; Pfaff, center; Bishop, Croman, Dinda and Raulston, back. The Sell-Perk players were Sine and Schatz, ends; Gulick and Gorn, tackles; Keeler and Walters, guards; Schall, center; Conrad, C. Stover, Lichtfuss and Hufnagle, backs.

A FIGHTING National Farm School gridiron team coached by Samuel Samuels, one of this Rambler's best friends, traveled to Amherst, Mass., for an Armistice game (1935) where they defeated the strong Stockbridge Agricultural College eleven, 9 to 6, in a game that made history in that Commonwealth. The Aggies (then known as the Bulldogs) scored all nine points in the final period of the game. Farm School players were Frankel and Happ, ends; Bruskin and Altman, tackles; Schectman and Breverman, guards; Haas, center; Segal, Goode, Waldman and Rintz, backs.

* * *

GENERAL BUTLER'S SPEECH

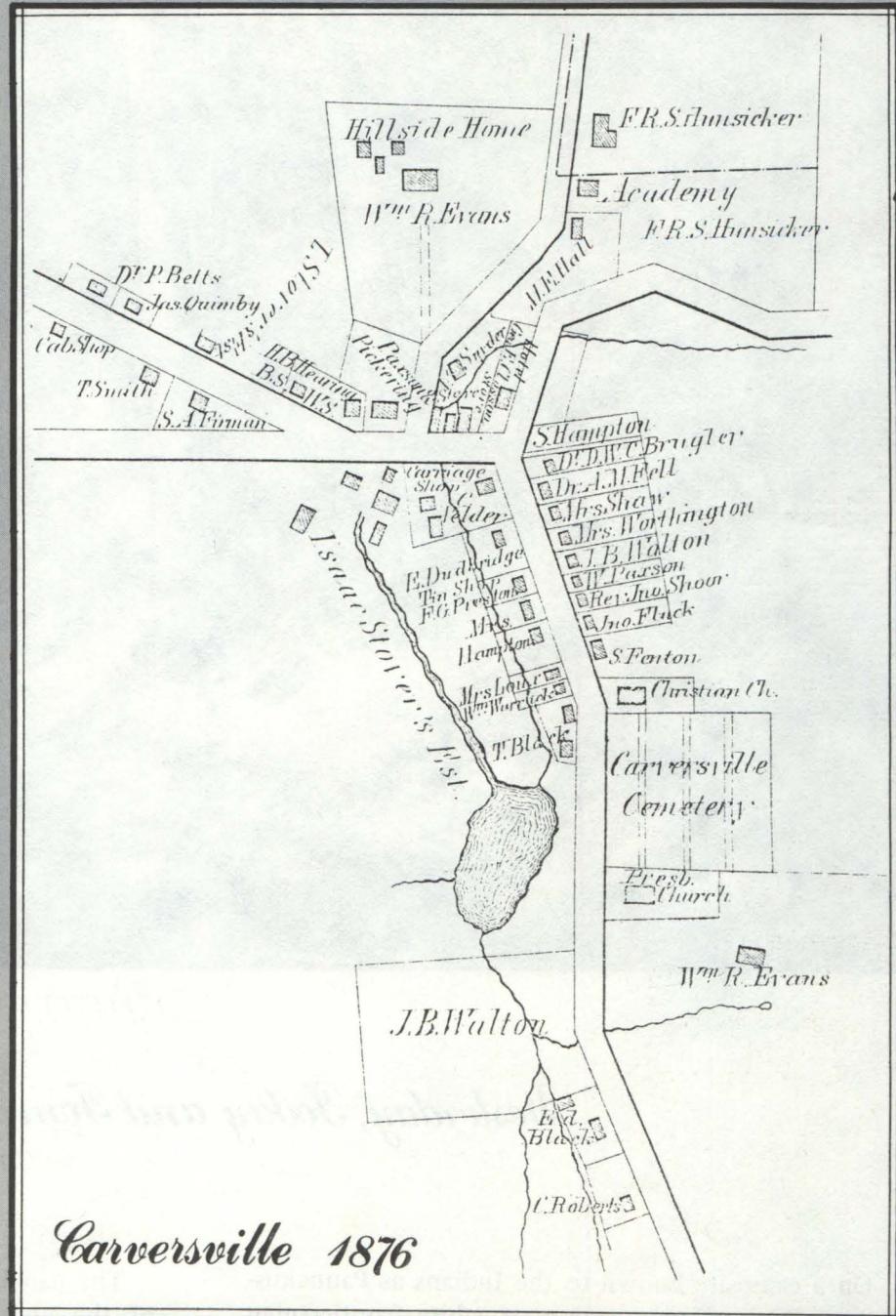
MANY BUCKS Countians joined in Philadelphia's greatest peace demonstration during a great parade along South Broad Street that this Rambler covered as a reporter. His denunciation of the war was received with vigorous applause that I'll never forget. With his characteristically fiery oratory, the ex-Marine pleaded for peace at almost any price. He gave Lloyd's figures of 500 to 1 against this nation being invaded, and he denounced the 197 percent increase in government expenditures for armament and the provocative flaunting of our naval maneuvers in Japan's face while our avowed purpose is given, never again to go beyond our borders to fight.

"My interest in peace is personal," the general explained. "I have three grown sons and I'll be damned if anybody's going to shoot them. We pay farmers in the West not to grow corn and other farmers not to grow cotton or raise hogs. Let us pay the munition makers not to make munitions."

A Panorama of Carversville Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

"Where's Carversville?" It can be reached from many directions. Follow the Old Durham Road (Route 413) to Carversville Road (one mile south of Gardenville) which will bring you right into the village. Or take the River Road north from New Hope and turn onto Fleecy Dale Road which also leads right into town. Following Fleecy Dale is an adventure in itself as it meanders next to the Paunacussing Creek . . . certainly a lovely ride in all seasons.

Having made the journey to Carversville, don't fail to visit the Fred Clark Museum on Aquetong Road. Then, perhaps wander down the square and stop in at Betty Miller's Antique Store and have a chat. Betty is a wealth of information on local history and carries both primitive and Victorian antiques. Barger's Mill should be on your list, not only for its interesting architecture but also for its lovely antiques. Last but not least stop by the Carversville Inn and enjoy an excellent gourmet dinner in a warm attractive atmosphere.



Solebury Township
Scale 500 ft. to 1 inch
from the 1876 Atlas



FLEECY DALE ROAD LEADING INTO CARVERSVILLE

Photo by Al Sinks

Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow

by Cindy Solt

On a campsite known to the Indians as Paunakus-sing or Punkussing, a group of white frontiersmen settled and disregarding the Indian title, called the area "Indian Village." Indian Village was situated on a land grant of William Penn's, made in England.

The name of Indian Village changed when the use of the abundant surrounding streams marked the beginning of one of the first industrial centers in Bucks County. Mill Town, justly titled, held in its possession silk mills, grain mills, saw mills, rope mills,

lumber mills, and other similar industries responsible for its namesake.

The areas of Carversville and Lumberville developed their highly productive commerce around the mills. The oldest stone in the Sebring Graveyard, in which the more important members of the family were buried, was that of the builder of the grist mill. The mills ended in destruction due to floods and negligence. In 1735, the Sugan Road was built between Mill Town and Center Hill, now Solebury.

In 1800, another name alteration took place. "Mill Town" was contracted to "Milton," and the town was chiefly made up of a wool factory (Milton Woolen Manufactory), tavern, grist mill, store, blacksmith shop, and about eight homes. Jesse Ely built the wool factory in 1811, along with an oil mill and tannery. In 1813, Isaac Pickering set up a tavern, which he sold three years later, but which remained open until 1854. For thirty-three years the town held the name Milton.

The Post Office was responsible for the next change of nomenclature on March 27, 1833. When the proximity of another Milton resulted in confusion with the mail, Carversville came into existence. There is some controversy as to whom the town was named after. Some historians say it was a highly influential family that had been the earliest settlers, or possibly Thomas Carver, who became the first Post Master there.

In 1838, the Carversville Christian Church was founded. It became the first of that denomination in eastern Pennsylvania. The first pastor was the Reverend William Lauer.

Carversville was well known in the surrounding areas for its intellectual development. A co-ed school, the Normal Institute, established in 1858, instructed the students of Carversville in philosophy, history, and the fine arts. Edwin Harrington, an author, now lives on the property where the school once stood. The original building of the Hunsicker Theological Seminary is still standing on the property of Mrs. Charles Ward, wife of the late artist. A literary society was formed in the community to discuss the literature of the times.

Now a community of about 350, Carversville still remains a cultural and intellectual center. The church is the center of activity for the majority of the community. Many of Carversville's inhabitants pursue careers in the arts and related academic areas. The residents are friendly and outgoing, and a recently formed historic society is a fine example of the caliber of people in Carversville.

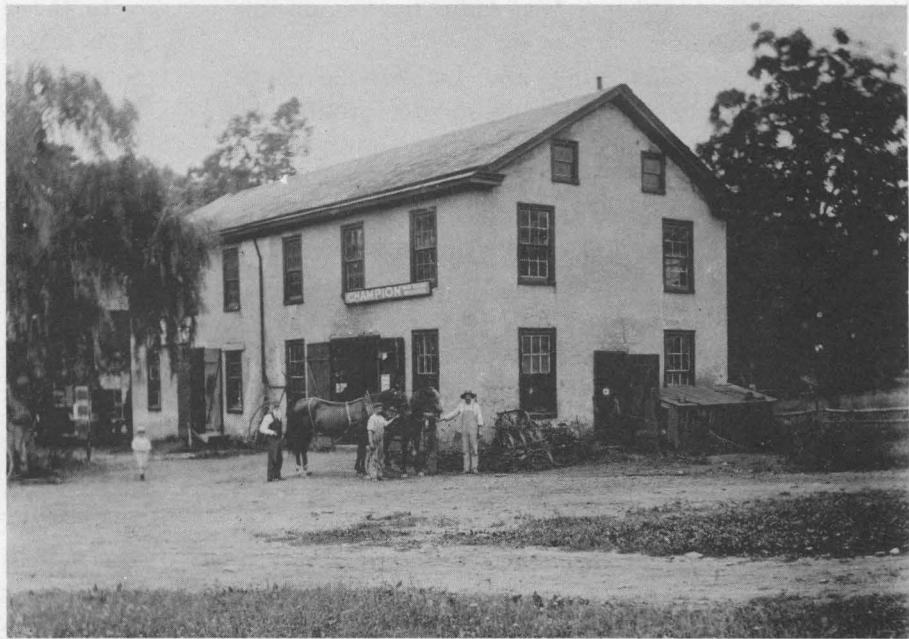
In the charter of The Historic Carversville Society is its reason for being, "The purpose of the society is to accumulate and preserve historical data and material relating to the village of Carversville, Bucks County, Pennsylvania and its environs and to function as a center of research into the history and customs of such area." There are three major objectives. The first is to gather and collate the history of the village. The group is gathering data from the older residents of the community and gaining information from old texts and pamphlets, as a way of researching the history of Carversville. The second and third principles are registering the buildings, the older homes are from the eighteenth century, with the Pennsylvania Historic and Museum Commission for their "historical status," and getting a "Historic District" designation for the village. This zoning will first have to have a public hearing before adoption as a township ordinance can be considered. The Society has an annual meeting as well as specially appointed meetings. Its president is Jack E. Richardson.

Another association, the Paunacussing Watershed Association, was also developed to "retain a quality of environment." The entire watershed covers farmland, pastures, and woods; subdivisions and small communities. But there are no major highways, industries, sewage plants, or public water systems. The creek runs along fertile cropland and provides a home to many wild animals.

The association will channel its attention to erosion, controlling flooding, and the management of the area's natural resources. The association will be working with townships, the county, state, and regional authorities. This is still another example of the high ecological interest in the village.

Expressive evidence of the cultural interests of the community is found in two relatively recent and unique features. About every two months there is a musicale featuring talented instrumental artists at "The Mill," the intriguing home of sculptor Raymond Barger and his wife Lilius. More recently the long abandoned Presbyterian church building was converted into a warm and lovely three tiered gallery to serve as the home for owner Fred Clark's extensive and interesting collection of paintings. Called "The Fred Clark Museum" it is open only on week-ends.

Through a long evolution, Carversville has become a community of sincerely involved individuals. The people welcome strangers, as well as continue friendships among neighbors. Carversville is an old fashioned community unique in that it has survived the urbanization that has affected many Bucks County villages.



The Odd Fellow's Hall



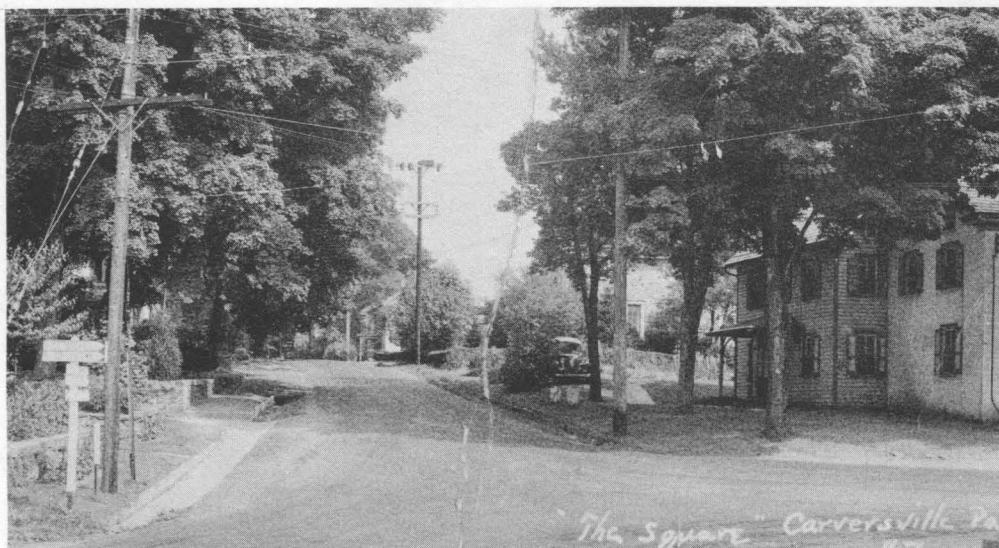
Carversville General Store — now the Carversville Inn

Carversville Christian Church





The post office



Off "the square" in Carversville



The center of town

The day of June 29th dawned overcast and ominous. The previous night had been full of thunder with intermittent rain storms that woke us at odd intervals. We were excited and hopeful due to the impending closing on our new, old house in Carversville.

The evening before had been spent celebrating this important event with two old friends, drinking and laughing at Tom Moore's Tavern. We finally fell into bed, at the Holiday Inn, sometime after mid-

was big enough.

One of the major selling points was the running brook over which a small bridge had to be crossed to reach the house. Overlooking the creek, was the kitchen — large enough to be called a 'keeping room'. At one end was the cooking area and at the other we could put table, toys, couch and television, all the while being able to watch the brook outside babble blissfully by. Wide plank floors, beautiful wood cabinets, and a lovely fireplace

... and then the rains came!

by Mop Bertele



night. The children, seven year old Brad, eighteen month old Teddy and Amanda — our newest addition, were asleep in an adjoining room with my sister, who had come along to help. Oh — can't forget the dog — Sam.

My husband's transfer from Manhattan to Philadelphia is what led us up to this point. We searched for four months in Bucks County for the perfect house and finally found it in Carversville. The house was old, quaint, had lots of warmth and

added to the attraction. The other rooms downstairs were equally as charming as the kitchen... certainly a dream come true for someone such as I who loved old houses to a point of mania.

As everyone knows who has bought a house, before you go to closing you inspect the premises. I barely remember looking over the house in my excitement, but my husband, Bill noticed the creek was rushing by — quite a change but certainly nothing to worry about — we thought!

The closing was as closings go — dry and business-like. I wondered how the lawyers kept things straight. The papers were all over the table and we signed everything in sight. Keys were handed to us, smiles all around and off we went — landowners in Bucks County, proud of our new status and anxious to get on with living.

A quick trip to the phone company and we were off to pick up the kids, my sister and the dog to bring them to the house. On the way the rain started up again and then turned into sheets of water pouring down all around the car. It was slow going but we finally arrived in Carversville and drove over the bridge to our new home.

The creek was wild with water, higher than we had ever seen it. We sat in the car in front of the house waiting for the rain to let up when suddenly, the creek began to rise. Water was coming down the property, around the barn and rushing toward the house. I remember Bill's shocked exclamation as he quickly turned the car and drove back over the bridge to higher ground. We rode to the center of town, turned around again, headed back up Carversville Road in time to watch the water rush into the house. We couldn't believe what was happening — it seemed as though someone had perpetrated a gruesome joke on us.

Heedless of the rain, my husband and I stood alongside the car and watched the great flood of '73. Inch by inch the water rose until it filled the entire downstairs of our house and then rushed by to do its damage to our neighbors. We still wonder how the bridge withstood such water pressure but somehow it came through unscathed.

Alone up to this point, we suddenly noticed people emerging from homes and cars around us. Al Roberts and his wife were among those who joined us as we watched in shock. I remember asking one of them if this is what happens every time it rains in Carversville.

The children, quiet as mice until now and probably half scared to death, were beginning to get restless. We took the family to our friend's house in Furlong where we would stay while deciding what was to be done. Bill couldn't wait long though and grimly drove off to assess the damage. A short while later, he phoned to say that the house had weathered the storm and the creek had receded. While he was talking, I could hear great sounds of jazz and laughter in the background.

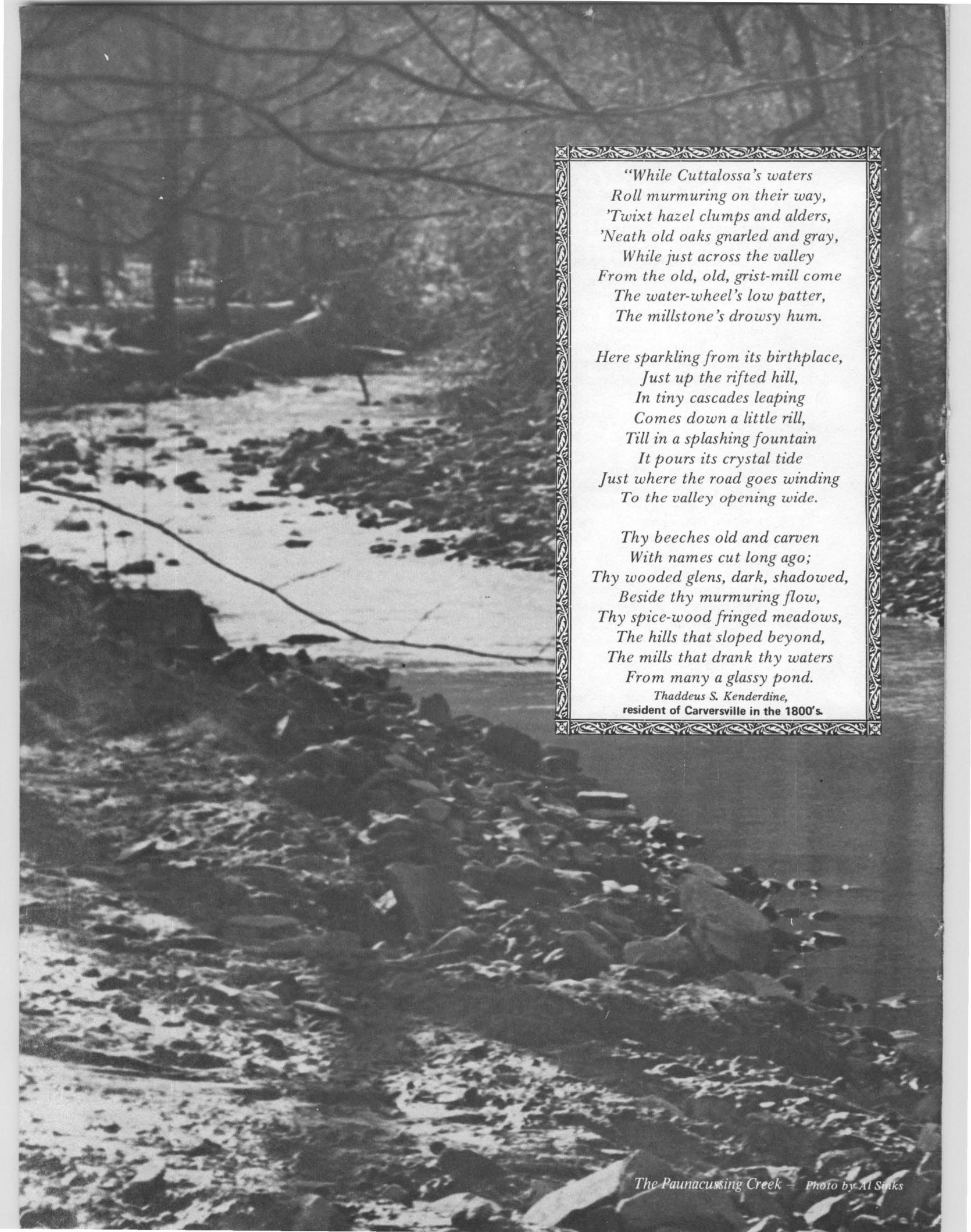
"Where in heavens name are you," I asked? He replied that he was at our new neighbor's having a beer! That was the beginning of life in Carversville.

My friend, Carla and I left our children (the combined number totaling 5 little ones, three dogs, 2 cats and 2 horses) in the harried but watchful care of my younger sister. We bought out the entire supply of Lysol, Mr. Clean and Comet from the nearby delicatessen plus brooms, mops and buckets and headed for the scene of action. We arrived in time to watch the Point Pleasant Fire Department pump the water out of the house and wash the mud out with the high pressure spray of their fire hoses. (God Bless the men of the Point Pleasant Fire Department). Al Roberts was there with more brooms and buckets, plus an offer for dinner if we needed it. People all around were offering help and words of consolation. Let me tell you, there is nothing like a flood to get acquainted.

Carla, Bill and I proceeded to tackle the massive job of cleaning up the mud. It was the worst mess I had ever seen. Although most of the mud was washed out by the Fire Department, we still had a long way to go before we could call the house liveable. There had been almost two feet of water in the kitchen but somewhat less in the other part of the downstairs as the kitchen was on a slightly lower level of ground. My lovely fireplace was caked with mud, the kitchen cabinets were caked with mud, the stove, tiles, walls and cracks between the floor planks were caked with mud. Everything and everybody in the town of Carversville was caked with mud. As darkness set in, we decided we had done our best for the day in our fight against mud and mildew, and headed for Furlong for a good stiff drink.

We spent the next few days doing more cleaning than we had ever done in our entire lives. Bill pulled buckets of mud one by one out of the cellar until he could finally call it 'clean'. We were actually luckier than our neighbors who had furnishings and rugs ruined by the water.

Our damage was really not so bad in the end. We lost a few large old trees (firewood!), and gained a few swell new rock piles. The property was pretty messy but than again, it wasn't your average move. We dearly love Carversville, our new, old house, the warm and friendly people and that blissful babbling brook (except when it rains!).



"While Cuttalossa's waters
Roll murmuring on their way,
'Twixt hazel clumps and alders,
'Neath old oaks gnarled and gray,
While just across the valley
From the old, old, grist-mill come
The water-wheel's low patter,
The millstone's drowsy hum.

Here sparkling from its birthplace,
Just up the rifted hill,
In tiny cascades leaping
Comes down a little rill,
Till in a splashing fountain
It pours its crystal tide
Just where the road goes winding
To the valley opening wide.

Thy beeches old and carven
With names cut long ago;
Thy wooded glens, dark, shadowed,
Beside thy murmuring flow,
Thy spice-wood fringed meadows,
The hills that sloped beyond,
The mills that drank thy waters
From many a glassy pond.

*Thaddeus S. Kenderdine,
resident of Carversville in the 1800's.*



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COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

Back copies of *Panorama* are available for \$.50 each, post paid. The number is limited. A wealth of interesting historical articles, old pictures of Bucks County, and other articles are contained in each issue.

Feature articles in 1971 include:

- Jan. — *Gravestone Rubbing in Bucks County*
Hartsville Civil War Hero
- Feb. — *Rock Ridge Chapel*
Bucks County's Ringing Rocks
- Mar. — *Lenni Lenape Recipes*
Bucks County Librarian
- Apr. — *Pirates on the Delaware*
Delaware Valley College
- May — *Barn Razing*
Perkasie Carousel
- June — *New Hope Issue*
- July — *Newtown's Kingdon Swayne*
The Liberty Bell in Bucks County
- Aug. — *Covered Bridges*
Charles Beatty of Hartsville
- Sept. — *The Tyler Estate*
New Hope and Ivyland Railroad
- Oct. — *Fallsington*
Phillips Mill
- Nov. — *The Quakers' Town*
Newtown Day
- Dec. — *Sachem of the Delawares*
Bucks County Soldiers

Bucks County Panorama
50 E. Court Street
Doylestown, Pa. 18901

Books in REVIEW



CAPE MAY HARBOR

CAPE MAY TO MONTAUK, by Nelson P. Falorp, photographs by David Plowden, Viking Press, New York, 1973. 127 pp. \$14.95.

Of all America's shorelines, the area between Cape May and Montauk is perhaps the busiest, including Staten Island, the port of New York, and the magnificent New Jersey and Long Island beaches. Yet behind the beaches lie countless bays, streams, forests, and broad areas of open wetland known only to the egret, the heron, and a host of other waterfowl, and there are lonely beaches seldom visited except by dedicated surf fishermen.

Starting with Cape May, at the southern tip of the triangle formed by the outstretched arms of New Jersey and Long Island, David Plowden shows, in superb color photographs, the many kinds of natural beauty that may be enjoyed by pursuing a course

northward and then down east to Montauk Point. In a text much enlivened by accounts of his personal experiences as a boatman and fisherman, the author Nelson P. Falorp examines the ways in which the ecology of the area functions, reviewing the continually threatening encroachments of industry, agriculture, and suburban and recreational development.

Taken together, the text and pictures of *Cape May To Montauk* provide a unique portrait of a section of the country that, though one of the most used, lived in, and visited in the United States, still contains places of great beauty and ones that are largely unknown to most of its inhabitants.

S.M.

GRASS AND CLOUDS AND TREES, by Edwin Harrington, Exposition Press, New York, 1973. 64 pp. \$3.50.

Mr. Edwin Harrington, a resident of Carversville, is one of those gifted poets who is able to write about almost anything. His poems are both of serious nature and lightness, and cover a full range of topics. The title of the book is a line from "To Mark Anthony in Heaven," by William Carlos Williams. All of Mr. Harrington's poetry is witty and meaningful, but this reader's favorite is "Suspended Animation."

Suspended Animation

Now is the time
To listen to the rain
As it comes straight down
Foursquare and true.
Not to return and think
Of things done yesterday
Or the have-tos of tomorrow.
Just to be still
And listen to the rain
Now.

C.A.S.

MOTHER WALTER AND THE PIG TRAGEDY, by Mark Kramer, Alfred A. Knopf, publisher, New York, 1972. 194 pp. \$5.95.

Mother Walter is a dog and the book is about the whimsical ways of country folk narrated by a city drop-out. Interested? Author Mark Kramer, twenty-eight, left graduate school and moved to "Clabberville," a farming community in western Massachusetts. His experiences with the locals and the new occupation of farming are interesting and witty. There are chapters on cows, country fairs, hay, corn, communes, organic bug killing, and the "politics of country living." Definitely a must for country and city folk.

C.A.S.

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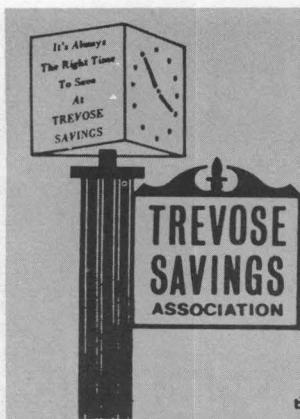
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Is There a Sitter in the House?



by Erin Walsh

When my daughter entered college this past fall, the college gained a freshman but I lost a baby sitter. For the past eight years I had been spoiled by having her available to mind my two little ones and the price was right (some cokes, potato chips and a hearty handshake).

As the time of her departure drew near, I began peering out the window at any teenagers walking down our street. "Who is that? Do you know her? She looks about 14, wouldn't you say? Quick, go out and get her name. Maybe she sits."

I kept my ears open when friends and neighbors mentioned their sitters, but knowing that I was now in the market, everyone was very vague. No last names were given. It is not considered fair play to lure someone's sitter away with promises of more pay, a bigger TV set, better food, and fewer kids.

But slowly I built up a stable of sitters which included one boy, one girl who could only stay out til midnight (from her looks she had nothing to fear from turning into a pumpkin, believe me), one girl who was only free alternate Thursdays, and one darling creature who was never busy and came on ten minutes notice.

Of course I had to do a lot more to get ready for a sitter than in the carefree days when I breezed out leaving my daughter in charge. I had to pick up and clean the whole house since I certainly didn't want the sitter telling her mother about my sloppy housekeeping.



One thing I forgot to do when I started having outside sitters was to tell my little five year old girl to keep her mouth shut. The first evening that we had a new sitter, I had the house picked up and sparkling, all except my bedroom for that seems to be the dumping spot for everything. I latched the bedroom door and told the two little ones not to open mommy's room because it was a mess.

When my husband came in after calling for the sitter, we were all lined up for inspection in the shining living room — the kids in their pajamas and I tastefully dressed for an evening out. Smiling benignly, I said, "James, this is Mary Lou, your new sitter." He said hello with nine year old gravity and I turned to my little girl. "Eileen, can you say hello to Mary Lou?" I asked. This was my first mistake. "Hello," she said clearly, "Don't go in mommy's room cause it's a mess."

I laughed heartily and mumbled some explanation, knowing full well that any sitter worth her salt would immediately go upstairs after we left and look at my messy room for herself.

It so happened that we had an engagement the very next night so I spent the whole afternoon warning Eileen not to talk about mommy's room. The sitter arrived, a different girl this time, and to her credit, Eileen said nothing about my room. All she did when I went through my little introduction bit was say, "Hello. We had someone else for a sitter last night."

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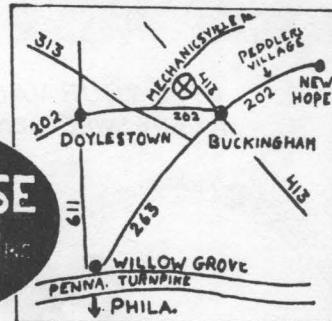
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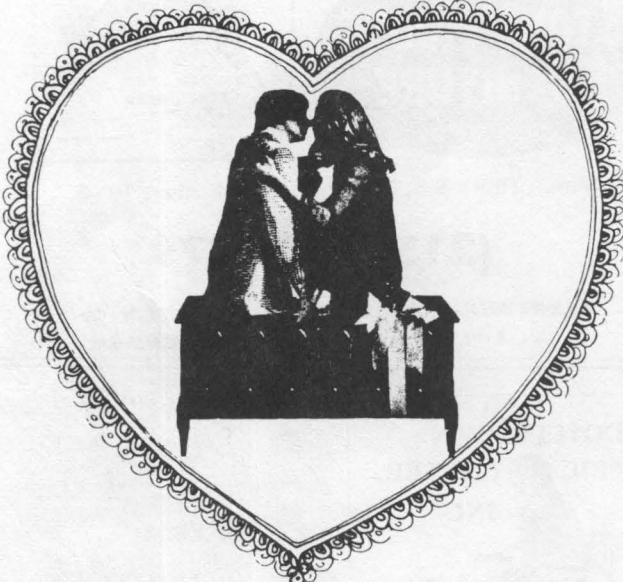
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CALENDAR *continued from page 3*



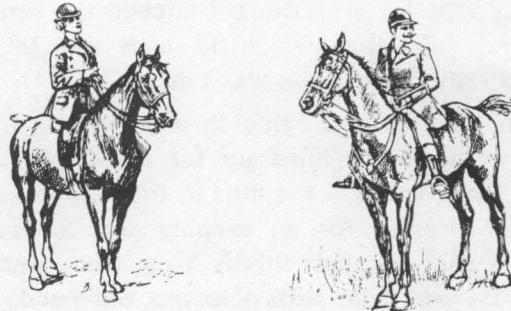
17 WASHINGTON CROSSING — Washington's Birthday Celebration Concert will be presented by the Bucks County Pro Musica Orchestra under the direction of Maestro Roland Fiore, 2:30 p.m. Memorial Building Washington Crossing State Park, Pennsylvania, Route 32 and 532. Admission free.

17,18 WASHINGTON CROSSING — Hostesses at the Thompson-Neely House will serve Gingerbread (free) to visitors, all day 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Admission to the building. Washington Crossing State Park, Route 32.

19 NEWTOWN — Bucks County Community College presents a Lecture Series, featuring Barry Commoner, Ph.D., biologist, ecologist, educator, in the Gym, from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. Tickets and information from the BCCC, Cultural Affairs Committee, Newtown, Pa. 18940.

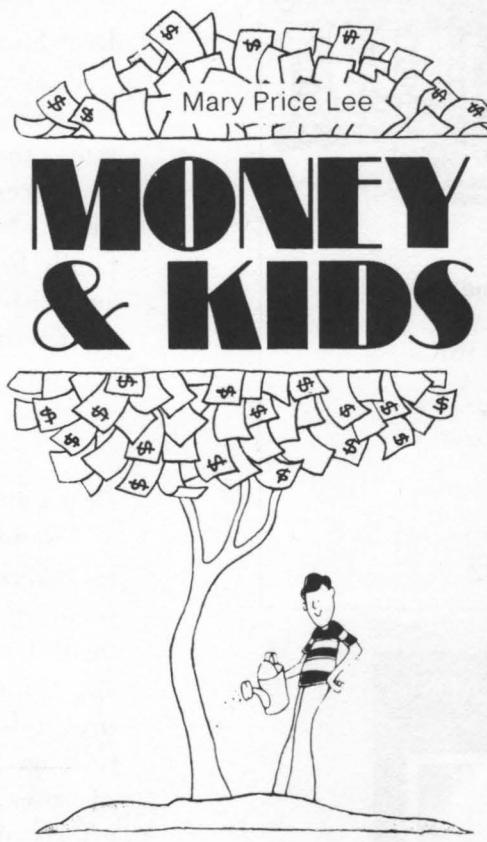
22 NEWTOWN — Bucks County Community College presents a Music Series featuring John Coates, Jr., Jazz Pianist, 8:00 p.m. in the Lib. Stg. Tickets and information from the BCCC Cultural Affairs Committee, Newtown, Pa. 18940.

23 PLEASANT VALLEY — A Horsemanship Clinic is to be held at the Pleasant Hollow Farms, Route 212 and Slifer Valley Road. Joseph Vanorio of Pound Ridge, N.Y. will be the instructor. Two three-hour sessions. For additional information write John Cory, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036, or call 215-346-7294.



continued on page 30

PANORAMA
FEATURE BOOK REVIEW



How to Earn It. Save It, and Spend It

MONEY AND KIDS, by Mary Price Lee, The Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 1973. 133 pp. \$4.75.

With today's kids getting weekly allowances bigger than their parents received in several months, and a tremendous barrage of television and radio commercials urging the very profitable pre-teen market to buy this new toy or that, both parents and their children need some good advice on money matters.

In *Money and Kids*, her second book geared to children and their interests, Mary Price Lee has really covered the subject, employing an easy to read style that will appeal to the kids, and some thoughtful suggestions on finances that will please the parents.

She answers such pertinent questions as: "How can I earn money?", "What is a good way to budget my allowance?", and "How do I know if a bargain is really a bargain?"

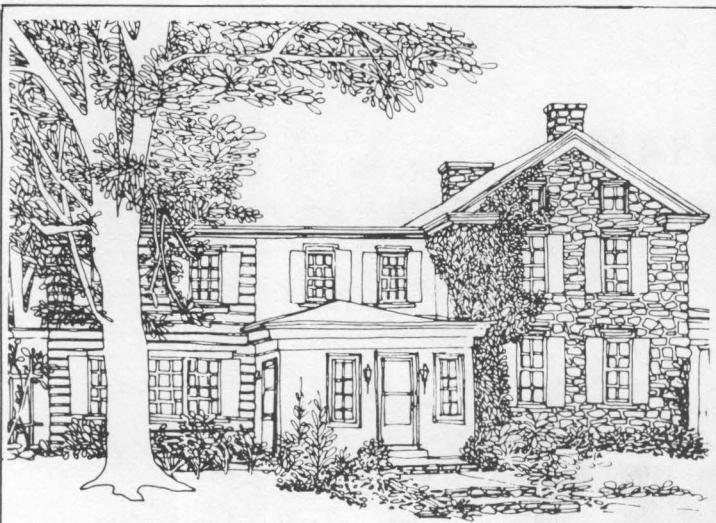
Eye catching illustrations by James Stewart enliven the text and a variety of format keeps the chapters interesting reading.

Some extremely inventive job opportunities for kids are mentioned in the book — start a rental service, form your own rock band, offer to wash cars on your block, walk a neighbor's pet, etc.

She includes a special feature at the end of the book showing how careers for tomorrow can evolve from the interests and projects of today.

Panorama has been pleased to have Mary Price Lee as a contributing editor and now is pleased to recommend her book, *Money and Kids* to all our readers, young and old.

S.M.



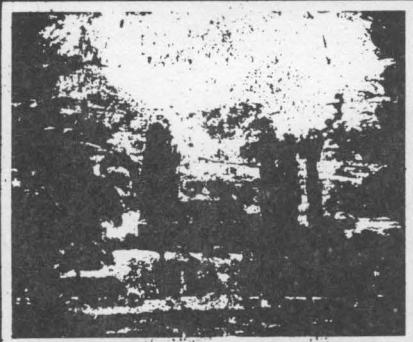
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Letters to the Editor



Dear Editor:

Please send me one copy of the 1876 Doylestown Map. I am a subscriber to Panorama, and I enjoy it very much. I found that my ancestors came to Bucks County in the early 1700's — some of the Quaker Watson family branch. I have visited the county once and wish that we lived nearer as your part of the country is so beautiful and full of history.

Sincerely,

Mrs. James S. Colaw
Wichita, Kansas

Dear Editor:

I wanted to tell you how much we enjoyed the April 1973 issue of Panorama, starting with the cover which is a duplicate of a map I own! I purchased the map because it shows the McIntosh lots and Edward McIntosh was my husband's great grandfather. The picture on page 23, of the courthouse, is a duplicate of several we found in Edward McIntosh's effects only recently. This is the first we have been able to identify the occasion.... I would also like to mention that I am a member of the Abigail Adams Chapter of Questers and we appreciate being mentioned in your article....

Sincerely,

Joanne V. Fulcoly
Doylestown

Ed. Note: There are still a few copies of the 1876 Doylestown map available for others.

Dear Editor:

I was delighted to again see my father's name in print, Seymour Eaton, in your May 1973 issue of Panorama. Every now and then "The Roosevelt Bears" appear again in my life.... My father's jingles were first written immediately after the famous cartoon and

were so popular that he then wrote the books. . . . Our house was in Lansdowne, Pennsylvania and Mr. Warren's in Drexel Hill and many times we visited Bucks County! A long time ago I taught at George School so I am no stranger to the beauty and history of your countryside. . . .

Sincerely,
Jean Eaton Warren

Ed. Note: Our column, "What's New That's Old," by talented writer Dorothy McFerran often manages to interest and remind our readers of things past.

Dear Editor:

The journalism program at the University of Alaska has a magazine sequence that culminates for most students in the production of 68-page magazine called *Alaska Today*. The students edit, write, photograph and design the issue. They even sell the ads. Before they enter the course, most take the magazine writing courses in which they are urged to publish. Last year, students published 88 stories in magazines and newspapers across the country.

Because the funding for the magazine can best be described as a "rags to rags" story, we do not have the money to get subscriptions to the magazines, such as yours, that students should be reading for ideas in editing and writing.

Therefore, we are asking you to give us a complimentary subscription to your magazine so students can keep up with the best the publishing world has to offer.

We will greatly appreciate any help you can give us.

Sincerely,
John H. Ullmann
Assistant Professor of Journalism

Ed. Note: Panorama has been happy to cooperate with nearby college journalism departments and the very thought that they have heard of us in Alaska sends chills through us (pardon the pun!) You are most definitely on our complimentary list.

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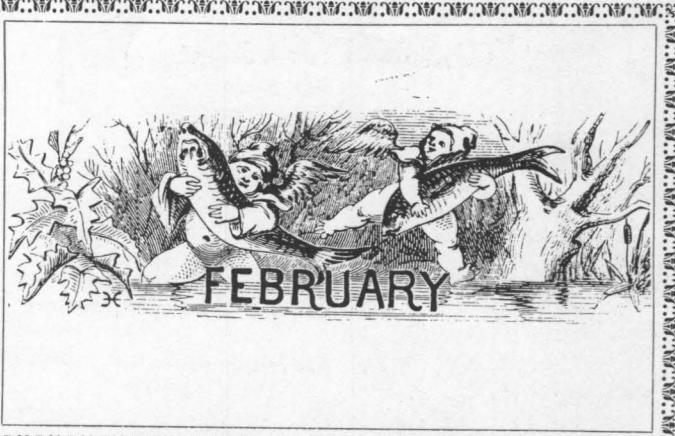
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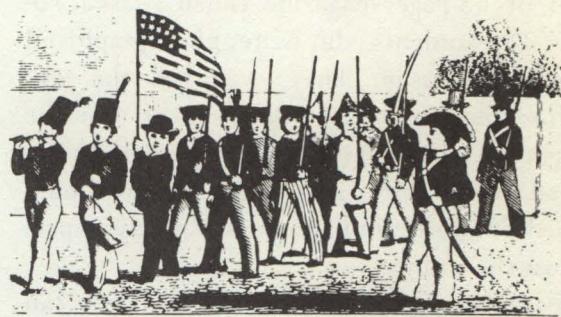
CALENDAR *continued from page 26*

1-28 WASHINGTON CROSSING — Narration and Famous painting, "WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE," daily 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Memorial Bldg. at 1/2 hour intervals. Daily film showings, tentative and subject to change.

1-28 WASHINGTON CROSSING — Thompson-Neely House, furnished with pre-Revolutionary pieces, Route 32, Washington Crossing State Park. Open daily 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Admission 50¢, includes a visit to the Old Ferry Inn.

1-28 WASHINGTON CROSSING — Old Ferry Inn, Route 532 at the bridge. Restores Revolutionary furniture, gift and snack shop where Washington Punch is sold. Open 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., daily admission 50¢, includes a visit to the Thompson-Neely House.

1-28 WASHINGTON CROSSING — Taylor House, built in 1812 by Mahlon K. Taylor, now serves as headquarters for the Washington Crossing State Park Commission. Open to the public 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekdays.



23 CHURCHVILLE & BRISTOL — Field Trip to the New Jersey State Museum — Car Caravan will leave Silver Lake, Bath Road, Bristol at 12:30 p.m. and another will leave Churchville Outdoor Education Center at 12:45 p.m., returning at 6 p.m. No lunch is necessary — Gift Shop available. For additional information call 757-0571, 357-4005 or 785-1177. Register two weeks before trip.

26 NEWTOWN — Bucks County Community College presents an Environmental Series, by the Dept. of Science and Community Services, featuring Stanley Deutsch, Ph.D. in the Lib. Auditorium 7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. Tickets and information from the BCCC, Newtown, Pa. 18940.



27 WASHINGTON CROSSING — Baking exhibitions at the Thompson-Neely House, as part of their Colonial Crafts Day for February — 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

1-28 MORRISVILLE — Pennsbury Manor, the re-created Country Estate of William Penn. Original Manor House was built in 1683. Open daily 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Sundays 1 to 4:30 p.m. Admission 50¢.

1-28 BRISTOL — The Margaret R. Grundy Memorial Museum, 610 Radcliffe Street. Victorian Decor. Hours: Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 1 to 3 p.m. Other times by appointment.

1-28 PINEVILLE — Wilmar Lapidary Art Museum. The Country's largest private collection of hand-carved semi-precious stones. Open to the public, Tuesday thru Saturday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sunday 1 to 5 p.m. Admission 50¢.



1-28 WASHINGTON CROSSING — Ice Skating "THE LAGOON," near the western entrance to the park, weather permitting. Free.

1-28 FAIRLESS HILLS — Ice Skating, "LAKE CAROLINE," Oxford Valley Road and Hood Blvd., weather permitting. Free. Lights for night skating.

1-28 BRISTOL — Ice Skating, "SILVER LAKE," Route 13 and Bath Road, weather permitting. Free. County Park. Lights for night skating — Sunday thru Thursday until 9 p.m., Friday and Saturday 'till 10 p.m.

1-28 APPLEBACHSVILLE — Ice Skating, "LAKE TOWHEE," Old Bethlehem Pike weather permitting. Free. County Park. Lights for night skating Sunday thru Thursday until 9 p.m. Friday and Saturday until 10 p.m.

1-28 NEW BRITAIN TOWNSHIP — National Shrine of Our Lady of Czestochowa, Ferry Road. Guided tours — Sunday 2 p.m., other tours upon request by reservations, phone 345-0600. Shrine Religious Gift Shop open 7 days a week 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Parking. Brochure available.

1-28 WASHINGTON CROSSING — The Platt Collection (birds, nests, eggs, and photographs) will be on display to the public in the Wildflower Preserve, Bowman's Hill, Washington Crossing State Park, 1 to 4 p.m. daily.

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PANORAMA Real Estate Guide



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